

THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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From "Rhyme, Romance and Revery."

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

"O, life, how pleasant is thy morning!"

In the whole human race, I believe there are few, indeed, who do not dwell with pleasure on the recollections of their early days. Fortune may have smiled upon our more advanced years; knowledge may have been acquired; fame may have been won; yet, who would not sacrifice all he has attained and acquired to return again to the days of his infancy? They live in the memory with as much vividness as a thing of yesterday; time passes over them in vain; it may destroy all else, but the sports and scenes of childhood ever occupy a green place in the mind; distance has no effect on them—age cannot destroy them: even in our dreams, they are with us, a throng of sweet yet sorrowful remembrances. If any one absent himself from the place of his birth, for the period of ten or a dozen years, what a change does he perceive on his return, both in the inhabitants and scenery;—most of the companions of his young days are scattered far and wide, and those that remain have thrown off their wonted habits of quietude and frankness, and a formal and reserved greeting is all he obtains from them. A dwelling, unlovely in itself, yet endeared to him as the scene of former mirth and festivity, is now levelled with the dust, and a more modern habitation usurps its place—fairer, perchance, to the view of strange eyes, yet how much less worthy of admiration does it seem to him than the ancient tenement which lives in his remembrance. A venerable tree, which has often been his protector from the storm, and amid the lofty branches of which he has achieved many feats of boyish daring, has fallen beneath the axe of the spoiler. The little garden-plot, which was so much cherished and so assiduously cultivated, is now uprooted, and its very site undistinguishable. Even the members of his own household are changed; some have withered and died in their spring; some have embarked on the sea of commerce, and become estranged from their old affections; and perhaps an aged grandire, of whom he was the favorite, has passed away, with his silvery locks, benignant smile and eloquent narrations, and sought the habitation of "darkness and the worm."

The mates of our boyhood; our many glad and careless schoolfellows, how they were separated from us, all to follow their destined avocations, until at last we also departed. What a source of pleasure it is, when after a lapse of years, we meet with a fellow-student—with what delight do we discourse with him of by-gone days—of the little tricks of mischief we played on the usher—of that season of joy and confusion, when we broke up for the vacation and scampered away, like captive birds flying to liberty and green fields. But pleasing as it is to meet with an old schoolfellow, there is something sad intermixed with the meeting—he may cast off his cares and thoughts of business for a short period, whilst he talks of times "departed never to return"—yet, you generally find him so tainted by mingling with the shuffling crowd of this world's traffic, that you look in vain for the

being who was formerly all mirth and happiness, whose laugh was the loudest of all, who had not a shadow of gloom in his composition, and who, if he looked forward for a moment to the future, pictured nothing but an increase of felicity.

Never again shall I experience the delight that dwelt in my boyish bosom, when on my annual visit to a country relative; never again shall I feel the unmixed joy I then felt, as I mingled with the haymakers, rolled in the new mown hay, or climbed the drooping fruit tree. I believe I have somewhere read an anecdote of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, who, being out with a friend on a rural excursion, and coming to a particular tree, immediately ascended it, and began to swing himself to and fro on one of its boughs. On his companion expressing his surprise at the circumstance, Johnson said it was a tree on which he had often swung when a boy, and he could not resist the desire of again doing so. The trundling hoop, the whirling top, the bounding ball; these are all lost to me; but when I have seen a group of light-hearted youngsters engaged in any of these amusements, I must confess I have at times felt such an inclination to join them, that had it not been for very shame, I should have taken a part amongst them. In after life we may drink from the "founts of mind;" we may derive a more refined pleasure from books and other sources; but, in the whole round of man's enjoyments, he will find none to equal those of his boyhood. Winter amusements—the war of snowballs—the accumulated mass which became so ponderous by rolling, that at last it resisted all our efforts to move it; the rude form, fashioned from the white and feathery element, set up at night to frighten the passers-by; the thrilling gratification with which a circle of us gathered round the blazing hearth, and listened to tales of apparitions, haunted halls and haunted chambers, until we fancied every noise a hollow groan; and when we crept fearfully into bed, buried ourselves in the clothes, afraid of encountering some glaring spectre.—Who would not again experience these things? With what amazement have I read the wonderful exploits of the renowned "Jack the Giant Killer," or the scarcely less celebrated "Tom Hicathrift;" and how often have I figured to myself the feats I might achieve, if possessed of the invisible coat of the one, or the surpassing strength of the other. These romantic and extravagant notions have faded away like the creations of a dream; it is true more rational ideas now fill their place in the mind; but who does not prefer those boyish fancies to the dull and cold reality that waits on maturer age?

Often do I visit the scenes of my childhood. I wander along the banks of the stream where I used to launch my mimic boats; I seek the leafy recesses, where I loved to read the wild and wondrous tales, which were the delight of my youth. I linger amid the leafy labyrinths, where it was my wont to loiter in the long summer's day.—But the charm which of old haunted those scenes, I can find no more, the spell which was around them has become powerless; the halo has departed from them. Everything appears as though it had dwindled into insignificance; and yet it is not so—the change is with myself. Is it that the mind has expanded, that the intellect has become enlarged? or is it that my desires are less easily satisfied; that my wishes are more unbounded; that my cravings increase with my years? Alas! I fear it is man's nature never to be contented with the present; to view with indifference the blessings which are in his power; but ever to be yearning for that which he does not possess. His memory either recurs to the past, or he paints the future in colors too flattering, and becomes the author of his own disappointments. We are the children of imagination; the real, the tangible, loses its attractions; and on things that are either difficult or impossible to attain, do we fix our affections. In the early years of life, our desires and wishes are more circumscribed, and, therefore, more easily gratified. Our wants are provided for; like the flowers, we neither toil nor spin; the future is seldom looked forward to; there is no past to float on the stream of memory, and destroy, by contrast, the felicity of the present.—Thus it is, that the first stages existence are generally those which yield the most enjoyment; that they are the times to which tend our fondest regrets; and that we so often love to dwell on the bright spring of youth, in the stormy season of our manhood.

THE WISH.

Say, what would be thy first wish,
If a fairy said to thee,
"Now, ask a boon; I'll grant it,
Whatever it may be."
The first wish of thy heart, I think,
May easily be told—
Confide in me—deny it not—
Thy wish would be for gold.

"Oh, no—thou art mistaken—
That should not be the boon—
My thirst for this world's lucre
Is ever sated soon:
The only gold I prize, is such
As industry has brought;
And gold like that from fairy's hands
Would fruitlessly be sought."

"Say, what then would thy earnest wish be:
Ambition's laurelled name—
The pride of popularity,
The pinnacle of fame—
The pampered board of luxury,
Where crowds of menials wait—
Thy second wish would still be gold—
To furnish forth thy state."

"Ah! no—the days have long gone by,
When such had been my choice;
I ask not fame—far more I prize
The self-approving voice.
My first wish should not be for fame—
My second not for gold—
But listen to me patiently,
My wishes shall be told:

"Oh, give me but a happy home,
To share with her I love—
Oh, let me from her path of life
Each anxious care remove—
And like the sweet days of the past,
May we have days in store;
Oh, give me this—and only this—
I'll never ask for more."

A GOOD REASON.—Mr. J. M. Patton, Jr., of Richmond, Va., declines to act as a delegate to the Whig convention to be held at Richmond, on the ground that he is neither a Whig, a Democrat, nor an American, but he adds:

I have no hesitation in saying, that while I have great respect for Mr. Buchanan, as at present advised, I prefer Mr. Fillmore to him, and I do so upon the same principle on which you would act if you had to make a shot on which your life depended, and had two rifles before you, one of which you had fully tried and knew to be good, and the other of which, though highly recommended, you did not know.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The saddest story that we ever read is that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, whom his mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket, all shinning with silk and buttons, and gay as mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out and play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss Cottage," when an enormous eagle swooped him from the earth, and bore him to its nest, high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the crying being at a point which was literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces the eagle so placed the gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the low lands, long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim.

At a Printer's Festival, held at Boston a short time since, the following capital toast was drank:

THE EDITOR.—The man who is expected to know everything, tell all he knows and guess at the rest; to make oath to his own good character; establish the reputation of his neighbors, and elect all candidates to office; to blow up everybody and reform the world; to live for the benefit of others, and have the epitaph on his tombstone: "Here he lies; in short, he is a locomotive running on the track of public notoriety; his lever is his pen; his boiler is filled with ink; his tender is his scissiors, and his driving wheel is public opinion; whenever he explodes it is caused by the non-payment of subscriptions.

The expectation of future happiness is the best relief for anxious thoughts, the most perfect cure for melancholy, the guide of life and the comfort of death.

Rules for the Journey of Life.

The following rules from the papers of Dr. West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general way marks in the journey of life: Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they appear to be.

Never to show levity when people are professedly engaged in worship. Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Not on any occasion to relate it.

Always to take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing with me in political and religious opinions.

Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little about myself and those near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never to court the vanities of the rich by flattering either their vanities or their vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions; especially in circumstances which seem to irritate. Frequently to review my conduct and note my feelings.

NUMB.—How absolute an omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around comes a half sound, half whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of the earth and all created things in the great miracle of nature, decay and reproduction ever beginning, never ending—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour glass of time!

MUSIC SERVES TO MAKE HOME PLEASANT by engaging many of its inmates in a delightful recreation, and thus dispelling the sourness and gloom which frequently rises from disputes, from mortified vanity, from discontent and envy.

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.—The Democratic party resolves most valiantly against a protective tariff and internal improvements by the General Government. This is precept. They nominated for President Jas. Buchanan, a man who voted for the so called abominable tariff bills; and for Vice President they put forward John C. Breckenridge, who, during his brief career, tried to get an appropriation of \$150,000 for the improvement of the Kentucky river. Verily, the practice and precepts of Democracy are in wonderful harmony with each other.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—At a meeting of the Bunker Hill American Council, in Charleston, recently, a resolution was adopted to sustain Fillmore and Donelson.

The Old Line Whigs of Easton, Md., held a meeting a few days ago. They endorse Fillmore and Donelson in the strongest terms and have appointed delegates to the State convention who are in favor of Fillmore.

A Kentuckian was dining at a hotel a few weeks ago while the New York Legislature was sitting, where many of the members were boarding. The members were employing freely at the table the terms by which they designated each other in their debates, thus:

"Will the member from Onedia have the goodness to pass the bread?"

"Will the member from St. Lawrence hand the salt?" &c;

The Kentuckian was not a little disgusted, as he is apt to be with anything that savors of affectation, and in stentorian tones he called to one of the colored waiters:

"Will the member from Africa be so good as to hand me that dish of ham?"

Mrs. Snikes says the reason children are so bad, this generation is owing to the wearing of gaiter shoes instead of the old fashioned slippers.—Mothers find it too much trouble to undo gaiters to whip children, so they go unpunished; but when she was a child, the way the old slipper used to its duty was a caution.

HEAT IN MISSOURI.—The pro-slavery weather is so hot in Missouri, that the abolitionists find it impossible to remain there longer than twenty-four hours.

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The following good one was indited whilst the author was sitting on a fence watching the object of his admiration floating from the top of a liberty pole:

O, mighty rag! O, bootless piece of cloth! Made up of red and white and blue stripes, And stars painted on both sides— All hail! Agin I'm sittin in thi umbrageous Shadler, and admirin of the granger, And suckin into my chist the gentle zeffers That are holdin you out well nigh onto Strate. Grate flag! when I shet Mi ize and look at ye, and think How as when you was little, and not much Bigger than a peese of kloth, and Almost as tender as a shete of paper, you Was karried all thru the revolution— Ary war, and som few times since Held up your head with difficulty, and How tremenjous you are now, i feel Jest as if ishud bust and fill all round and want To git down off the fence and git shot, Or stab, or hit on the head with a stick of Wood, or hung for my kuntry!

Prodijus banner! wouldn't I smile to see A Chinyman, or a small unattherlized Furriner undertak to pull you down! If a Chinyman, I would slai him, and kut Off his kow, and bear it off in triumph! Before I'd see a slit tore in ye, or the sakrilijus Hands of a fokuttin you up into bullit Patchin, I'd brase my back agin a waul, or a House, or a fence, or a board, as it might be, And fire, and scratch, and Kick, and bite, and tare my klause, and Looze mi hat, and hit him in the i. And krow, and fall down, and git up Again, and kontinue the struggle for a half of Three quarters of an hour, or until I got Severely wounded.

Terrific emblem! How proud ye look, And how almighty sassy you waiv round, A snappin, and karkin, and skeerin uv hosses; I spose you almost tarin to git into a Fite with somebody, and satisfiyin your kar Niverous disposition by eatin a whole washin. Great flag! I don't know what makes me Feel the most patriotic—you or the 4th of July; You ant maid of the same kind of stuff, altho' Yu are about the same age, and ar both Sublime to kontemplate.

But I must close, and waive my last adoo, However tryin to my feelins it may be, And git down off the fence, for already the Sharp pints of the pickets begin to stick me, And make me skringe and hitch about, and Threthin to tare my klause, and make me holler!

The character of the young men of a community depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent and accomplished, the young men will feel the requirement that they themselves should be upright, gentlemanly and refined; but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found to be dissipated and worthless. But remember, always, that a sister is the best guardian of a brother's integrity. She is the purest inculcator of a faith in woman's purity. As a daughter, she is the true light of the home. The pride of a father often is centered on his daughter. She should therefore, be the sum and substance of all.

RIDING THE CENTAUR.—Henry Clay said in 1850:

"Of all the bitterest enemies of the unfortunate negro, there are none to compare with the Abolitionist, the pretended friends, who, like the centaur of old, mount not the back of the horse, but of the negro, to ride themselves into power."

At the Fremont ratification meeting in Cincinnati on Monday night the whole German population, which has hitherto formed the greatest strength of the Democratic party, went over to Fremont in a body. Reemelin and Haussereck, the leaders of the German Democracy and among the ablest orators in the country, made speeches and pledged the whole German vote to the Republican ticket.

Mr. Buchanan says he accepts the nomination for President "with diffidence." A man who has been seeking the Presidency for the last twenty-five years, and who gave up his mission as minister to London and came home for the express purpose of putting the wires to secure the Cincinnati nomination, now saying he accepts the nomination "with diffidence!"

BRIAR.—A young man who thinks all Democrats are "furriners," said, "I was born in Ameriky, but I'm a furriner in principle!"

They are eating sweet potatoes in Nashville.

English and American Railroads.

A citizen of Franklin, Tenn., travelling in Europe, thus writes to the *Weekly Review*, from London:

"After visiting the principal objects of interest at Liverpool, I came here by railway;—and speaking of this mode of travel, reminds me of the difference between the English and American railways. Everything about the former seems to be done with a view to permanence and stability, and without regard to cost. All the roads have double tracks, completely enclosed, either by hedges or fences, and all crossings either above or below the railway, so there is no danger from collision or from stock getting on the track. The sides of the 'fields' and the banks of the cuts are all nicely soddled with grass. The internal arrangements of the cars differs from the American, in that the passengers go in at the sides, and each car is divided into three or four different compartments. Before starting these are locked, and as the passengers cannot get off the train until it is stopped, accidents from that cause are rendered impossible. A man feels about as safe in the cars here, as he would in his own house. A person can obtain at any of the stations, an insurance upon his life to the amount of a thousand pounds against accidents occurring within two hundred miles, for three pence."

BENTON AND BUCHANAN.—Benton, the Freesoiler, the gigantic foe of the South, the Wilnot Provisoist, was welcomed to St. Louis by the Convention that ratified the nomination of that wonderful friend of the South, James Buchanan. Here is the resolution, that Southern Democrats ought to wear it in their hats like a railroad ticket:

Resolved, That we do most cordially welcome the return of our illustrious ex-Senator, Thomas H. Benton, and hail with gratitude his nomination for the office of Governor of Missouri; that his election will greatly tend to restore peace and harmony, not less to the State than to the Democratic party; and that the people who have been so often betrayed in seeking to express their preference in his behalf will now take the matter in their own hands, and elect him to the first post of honor in their gift.

Buchanan and Benton are walking over Missouri with their arms around each other's neck, the Siamese Twins of Freesoilism.—*Memphis Eagle and Enquirer*.

MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.—Did it ever occur to the reader, that the time would come when South Carolina would give Massachusetts and the North an anti-slavery candidate for the Presidency? If Fremont should be elected, a native of Charleston will have been the first abolition President in the history of this government.—Of haters of the Yankeeified North, she is the fiercest. She is further, in feeling, from the North than any other Southern community. She will not support her son, we guess.—*Memphis Eagle and Enquirer*.

A BUCHANAN ORGAN SUSPENDED.—The publication of the Washington *Scout*, the organ of the Buchanan party at Washington, has been suspended.

WAXEN.—Several hundred able bodied active men, to shout for Buchanan and circulate a patent life of the "Ten Cent" Statesman—provided they can be engaged at ten cents a day.

The wheat crops of Ohio is said to be in a very fine condition. There are more acres covered with wheat in Ohio than were ever before planted in that State.

COST OF THE WAR.—The London Times estimates the cost of the late war to Great Britain at not much less than one hundred millions pounds sterling. Immense as this is, the expenditure of Great Britain in the closing year of the Napoleonic war exceeded it very greatly.

DETEN RATIFICATION.—The Germans of Cincinnati, a few days since, ratified the Black Republican nomination. After being endorsed by Southern anti-Americans, as the best people in the world, they quietly turn round and go the whole German hog for abolitionism!

That's what the American Party has told them all the while.